

SONNET LXXX.



LONG-wished for Death ! sent by my
Mistress* doom; Hold! Take thy prisoner, full
resolved to die ! But first as chief, and in the
highest room, My Soul, to heaven I do
bequeath on high; Now ready to be severed
from Thy love !
My Sighs, to air ! to crystal springs, my Tears
' My sad Complaints (which Thee could never
move ! To mountains desolate and deaf! My
Fears, To lambs beset with lions ! My
Despair,
To night, and irksome dungeons full of dread!
Then shalt Thou find (when I am past this
care) My torments, which thy cruelties have
bred, In heavens, clouds, springs, hard
mountains, lambs, and
night: Here, once united ;
then, dissevered quite.

SONNET LXXXI.



QKINGLY Jealousy! which canst admit No
thought of compeers in thine high
Desire ! Love's bastard daughter, for
true-loves unfit, Scalding men's hearts with
force of secret fire ! Thou poisoned Canker of
much beauteous Love' Fostered with Envy's
paps, with wrathful rage ! Thou (which dost
still thine own destruction move) With eagle's
eyes, which secret watch doth wage! With
peacock's feet, to steal in unawares ! With
PROGNE'S wings, to false suspect which flies !
Which virtues hold in durance, rashly dares!
Provoker and maintainer of vain lies! Who,
with rich virtues and fair love possessed,
Causeless ! hast All, to thine heart's hell
addressed!